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A religious and family paper

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Pacific Theo Sem
Reading Room

PACIFIC
Theological Seminary

THE COMING OF HIS FEET.

In the crimson of the morning, in the whiteness of the noon,
In the amber glory of the day's retreat,
In the midnight robed in darkness, or the gleaming of the moon,
I listen for the coming of His feet.

I have heard His weary footsteps on the sands of Gallilee,
On the temple's marble pavement, on the street,
Worn with weight of sorrow, faltering up the slopes of Calvary—
The sorrow of the coming of His feet.

Down the minster isles of splendor, from betwixt the cherubim
Through the wandering throng, with motion strong and fleet,
Sounds His victor tread, approaching with a music far and dim—
The music of the coming of His feet.

Sandaled not with shoon of silver, girded not with woven gold,
Weighted not with shimmering gems and odors sweet,
But white-winged and shod with glory in the Tabor-light of old—
The glory of the coming of His feet.

He is coming, O my spirit! with His everlasting peace,
With His blessedness immortal and complete;
He is coming, O my spirit! and His coming brings release—
I listen for the coming of His feet.

—L. W. Allen.

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Regulations.

Some precious souls are always trying to regulate the universe. They see much to criticise and condemn in their brothers and sisters. It is not enough to keep it in their hearts, but they must speak or write about it. Well, my brother or sister, you have a big contract on hand to set everything and everybody right. This sort of "regulator spirit" will soon lead one to harshness or bitterness or judgment incapable of righteous discernment. It is almost sure to be fatal to spiritual life. And the thing which we so tenaciously condemn in others we are guilty of ourselves. This is surely not a wise course and should not be pursued. "The love of Christ constraineth me" to "avoid the appearance of evil," and to have Christ-like charity for all. This does not mean to be "wishy-washy" in our atacks upon sin. Jesus must shine in your life and mine if we would attract men to the gospel.

A delayed duty, however small and easy, always becomes irksome.

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The Dog-Fighter.

When in the east side of London there was a man awakened. He used to have a dog trained for fighting; it was one of the best dogs in the east end of London. He had won a good many bets on him—his name was Tiger. His child died and the man wanted comfort, and finally he came to the building where we were preaching. He wanted to become a Christian very much, but what was he going to do with his dog Tiger? You laugh, my friends, but that dag came between him and his Savior. He said, "What shall I do with my dog! I cannot keep him and be a Christian; for if I keep him I will be tempted to go and fight him again." So he took and put in a sack and threw him into the river. There was no trouble then.

Meditate upon the infinite as the holiest and the best, set forth for our worship not in the stars so clearly as in the heart of Christ. Education is no more certain to bring knowledge than the humble obedience to these conditions is sure to bring the divine life.—Thomas Starr King.

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THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal. W. W. FERRIER, Editor. Thursday, July 2, 1903

BURDEN-SHARING

Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden;
God will bear both it and thee.
—Elizabeth R. Charles.

With the law of kindness in the tongue, it is easy to give the soft answer.

There is a blessed kind of gossip which busies itself in telling people the kind things others have said about them. May its tribe increase!

While we were lauding ourselves for some work of fancied merit we should have been doing something really worth while.

Experience is a teacher, but it teaches only what it has acquired. We come to turns in the road where experience is mute; it has not been that way before. We are left to other guides. We reason, we infer, we guess. Are we stranded then? No. There is depth of water under our keel and the fair face of the open sky is overhead. We may steer by the stars. These are symbols of the unchanging moral order of the world. The moral order is God's arrangement. Faith in it serves where experience fails.

Of course missions are a failure! So are missionaries! The other day a missionary named Morrison told stories about the way things were going on in the Congo Free State (free indeed!) and set the whole world agog. The stories happened to be true, and the powers—we mean the "Great Powers"—who might never have found out anything but for this meddling missionary, must set things right. They are a troublesome lot; but what a stagnation in the reform business would ensue if the missionaries were all called home!

We have lately received a memorial of a departed minister whom we numbered among our choicest friends. It contains the sermon preached at his funeral. We quote a single paragraph. May there not be some young minister who reads these lines to whom this testimony will prove an inspiration? "He had the divine art of making small pastorates—sometimes unpromising ones—great ones. He set the leaven of his own life to working in the larger vessel of the church and community and it leavened the whole lump with a quiet but pervasive potency."

Who shall define baptism, if not Baptists? Hitherto the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland has declared that "The immersion of believers is the only Christian baptism." This is brief, intelligible, and full of polemic fire. It is now proposed to revise the article and to say, "Christian baptism is the immersion in water of those who have professed repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, into the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost." It was the word "only" which had the fight in it. That word is omitted. The omission marks the advent of a broader charity.

Thomas and Jane Welsh Carlyle were husband and wife. They were also lovers. They differed in taste and in temperament. He was self-absorbed and often crusty. She was sprightly and (to use her own word) full of "ginger." He loved the country, she the town. But they were devoted lovers. Froude threw doubt on this point once, but we now know that Froude was mistaken. Two new volumes of the correspondence of Mrs. Carlyle have been published, and the evidence they furnish is sufficient to put the matter at rest. Thomas Carlyle, for love's sake, went to London and settled down there with his wife, making no complaint; and Mrs. Carlyle spent many years in Craigenputtoch, where she saw few people, and from there she wrote to a friend: "My husband is as good company as reasonable mortal could desire." Was he never cross? Was she never peppery? Denial is not forthcoming. All we affirm is that they were lovers to the end, and love endureth all things.

SOFTER PILLOWS FOR STRUGGLING GENIUS.

Mr. Upton Sinclair writes an article for the Independent on what he calls "My Cause." He writes fervently, even furiously. He confesses that he does not expect to convince anyone. "The right and I are a majority and we can bide our time." Mr. Sinclair is an author who went through the "torture house" or a seven years' struggle before he gained recognition as a writer. And now having registered a vow to save the man who comes after him, he proposes to found "The American University of Literature," whose object shall be to give food and shelter, and freedom to be an artist, to any man who shows ability to write "not what the public wants, but what American liter-

ature wants, and what God wants, and what beauty and truth and righteousness want."

The dream is noble, though the dreamer fail. It is a question whether the world's great artists could thrive without the spur of want and privation. Prosperity has made many present-day writers mere drivelers. They wield too facile pens. Bread and water and an unfeeling public would reduce their verbiage and increase their power of thought. But the other question rises, and this is the one which Mr. Sinclair proposes to meet, "How shall the true artist who cares not for human praise be supported in his lonely quest for truth and beauty?" If the woes of struggling authors could be lightened without robbing them of their inspiration or diminishing the product of their genius, we should be able to read our favorite books with less pity for the unfortunate beings who endured a living death while producing them.

The Bystander.

Rev. R. J. Campbell in Brooklyn.

The successor to Dr. Parker in City Temple, London, preached his first sermon in the United States in Plymouth church, Brooklyn, Sunday, June 21st. It may be a matter of interest to the readers of the Pacific to read a long-distance opinion on the message as it appears in the Brooklyn Eagle.

The text was Matt. v:8—"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," and John xiv:7—"If ye had known me ye should have known my father also, but from henceforth ye know him and have seen him."

The sermon may be described as a beautiful, simple talk, such as any pastor might give at the mid-week service. There was no embellishment in words, no originality in thought, no splendid climax. Compared with the sermons of Dr. Hillis the discourse was strikingly simple. It was a plain exposition of scripture and included some quotations from familiar hymns.

The theme was "a vision of God." Reading this sermon between the lines, one perceives a mystical interpretation of the sayings of Jesus, and, indeed, a preacher of more than ordinary spiritual insight. There is a suggestion of Spurgeon in the handling of the texts. The lines quoted from St. Bernard are indicative of the preacher's spirit:

"Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast,
But sweeter far Thy face to see
And in Thy presence rest."

On Monday morning 800 Manhattan preachers listened to Mr. Campbell's address on problems of religion in London. It is a matter of note that the English preacher positively refused to preach three times on the Sabbath. He knows his strength and believes three sermons in one day are too many.

Rev. H. M. Tenney.

The successor to Dr. Frear, who, for many years has faithfully represented the American Board on the Pacific coast, is a well-known California pastor. For twelve years he has been pastor of the church in San Jose. When he recently resigned from that church a majority of the members voted not to accept his resignation. Mr. Tenney was, however, determined to make a change, and at his earnest request the resignation was accepted. During his pastorate in the growing city of San Jose Mr. Tenney took an active part in the larger work of his city, and exercised a wholesome influence in civic affairs. He exercised his rights as a citizen by speech and vote and was an uncompromising enemy of municipal wrongs.

The Bystander begs to assure Mr. Tenney that the churches will support him in his new position as the Pacific coast agent of the American Board and ventures to say to the churches that in Mr. Tenney we have a man who has the executive, social, and platform qualities required to perform the responsible duties of the office.

The Bystander cannot refrain from remarking, however, that one man will be greatly missed in the Congregational Headquarters. For many years he has greeted the home-returning missionary, and bestowed blessings on those who passed through the Golden Gate to the white fields of the vast East. He has stood absolutely true to the old principles of world evangelization, and in speech and deed represented the spirit of missions as embodied in the American Board. We shall miss the Rev. Walter Frear.

Some Insane Types.

Some writer, perhaps Emerson, says that every man is insane on some one thing. The observation of the Bystander confirms this declaration. The other day he recounted in his meditations the many insane people he has met in the course of a professional career, and convinced himself that there are many queer folk who have not been discovered by the insane asylums. The Bystander has a cultured English friend, a traveller and a scholar, who is crazy over Kipling. According to his story, he visited Kipling in South Africa. A long time ago he left the Bystander with the remark that he would find the great author, and two years after burst into the Bystander's study with the remark: "I found him at the home of Cecil Rhodes in South Africa." He then proceeded to relate the circumstances of the meeting, giving a graphic word picture of the occasion.

Many people appear to be the victims of a conspiracy, and claim that certain enemies are attempting to defraud them out of money or property. The other evening a man rushed up to the Bystander's pulpit and threw a twenty-dollar gold piece at his feet. The congregation hardly noticed the eccentric act, but the Bystander picked it up and put it back in the man's purse, and quietly told him to take his seat. People who throw gold at a minister's feet may reasonably be thought deranged, and the Bystander sought a conference with the benevolent individual, and discovered a very insane man, who was turned over to the authorities.

Religious services have the effect of developing these eccentricities. They come to the surface on such occasions as naturally as cream gathers on the surface of the milk.

Many indeed are the people who are mildly insane on some one thing, while perfectly rational in other things. Everybody has friends and acquaintances who do strange things that can be accounted for on no other ground except that of insanity.

It is well for us all now and then to examine our minds.

Vacation and the Pastor.

Every pastor should take a vacation, provided he has really done hard, earnest work during the year. Let him lay down his tools and seek God's first temples. Let him renew his friendship with flowers and

birds and streams. He owes it to himself and to his people. The ministry differs from wood-chopping in this, that it is hard on the nerves. Some preachers live in constant physical nervousness. Their sermons wear upon them, and sometimes on the people. A big gun is capable of firing a certain number of shots, then its power is exhausted. Men are like guns. They have so much vitality, and it must be conserved and trained. The habit of spending a vacation fishing—for churches is not a good habit. Better fish for the real thing, even if none are caught. If your mind works with friction and the brain is tired, go off to the mountains or the sea and replenish the empty cup. That is what the Bystander is about to do.

SPARK FROM THE ANVIL.

By Dr. Johns D. Parker.

The apostle Paul says: "Quit you like men." The term is derived from the word signifying man, and means that we should be manly, strong and courageous. To be manly one must remember that he was created in the image of God, that there is a great work to be done in this world, and that life and death are before us. Recently the writer visited the cemetery in New Haven, Conn., and saw among the gravestones monuments erected to James Dwight Dana, James Goodrich, Eli Whitney, Nathaniel W. Taylor, Noah Webster, Denison Olmsted, and Lyman Beecher. America has produced some manly men. What recolections do such names stir within our souls! When a Christian feels discouraged let him read 2 Cor. xi:22, seq. Paul writes to his dearly beloved son, Timothy: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." He says that a crown of righteousness is not only laid up for him, but for "all them that love his appearing." America and our age need manly men; men who are willing to do and dare, to stand in the rough places, and to carry heavy burdens. Let us "quit ourselves like men."

* * *

Multitudes of men take the faith of their fathers, and hand it down to the next generation, just as they received it. They do not revise it, or improve it, or make it any better, or add anything to it. It seems as if they were incapable of thinking or they do not care to think. They simply remember what has been told them. Some gold is still in the mineral, while some gold is "tried in the fire" and made pure. Multitudes of people are simply floaters, while others row, or spread a sail and are wafted on to fairer climes. In social religious meetings the leader will sometimes read a rich passage of scripture and open the meeting with a stirring address, and then throw open the meeting to others. After the leader sits down there is a dead silence. In olden times the apostle tells us of Christians "speaking to themselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in their hearts to the Lord." But those good old days seem to have passed away. In modern times members of churches do not seem to have many religious experiences. They are not like a lady in a peace meeting in Washington who, being hindered from expressing her pent up thoughts and feelings, at last said she must be allowed to speak, or "she feared she would burst."

* * *

The writer recently attended the exercises of Yale Divinity School, when twenty-nine students graduated. Everything was of the highest order. The five speakers chosen to represent the class acquitted themselves nobly. The music rendered by the students was very sweet and refreshing. The address of Dr. Benjamin Wisner Bacon (a grandson of Dr. Leonard Bacon), to the graduating class, was inspiring and uplifting, and seemed to contain some of the intellectual fire of his grandfather; so it appears that in some sense Dr. Leonard Bacon "still liveth and speaketh." At the alumni dinner there were many learned and gifted men, and there was a "feast of reason and a flow of soul." The writer felt something like Peter on the Mount and thought he would like to build several tabernacles to gifted men. There is more ozone round about Yale University than is sometimes found in whole states in other latitudes. One is reminded of the Christian woman dying in New Haven, who said she regretted one thing in going to Heaven, "she would miss New Haven privileges." The New Theology is spreading in New England, and the "coming preachers" will preach less of the wrath, and more of the love of God.

CHILD CULTURE.

BY W. E. VAUGHAN.

(Editor Pacific Methodist Advocate.)

A certain character would not be known in Scripture were it not for the fact that he was the father of two of the disciples to whom the allusion was frequently made as "the sons of Zebedee." Even when their mother fell at the feet of her Lord in her maternal pride, pleading for the best things in God's kingdom for her two sons, they are designated in a way in which the emphasis is not on her as their mother, but rather as "the sons of Zebedee." Possibly Zebedee was a good man—a good liberal provider, and if living at the time the mother made this request for her two sons, he was off at his business providing for the family.

But how much better, how much more perfect and beautiful would have been this New Testament scene had Zebedee been found kneeling with the mother, pleading for God's continued favor upon his two sons. Alas! Many a father in this day, like Zebedee, is not known in the family as to its moral and spiritual welfare, save as to the name he gives it. It is a positive shame to parenthood when it contributes no more to the family in social, moral and religious worth than merely bearing the name.

The mother having all the responsibility of religious training, while the fathers, regarding the church as a place suited to women and children only, are joined to lodges and seek their diversion elsewhere.

There is no trust in this world more tremendous than the trust of parentage, and none treated as a rule more lightly.

The most susceptible and receptive creature is the child—and there is a world of meaning in the divine Providence, holding it to its mother's heart in weakness and helplessness on the one hand and by the laws of lactation on the other, which, when properly regarded, enables the child to imbibe the principles of mother's heart for the formation of its character ere it has parted with mother's milk. There is no human duty fraught with more glory than the care and training of a human spirit for God and eternity.

As God stamped upon man His image, so the parents stamp upon their children their image and their handiwork. The stone slab, carrying upon its face the print of the bird's foot or mark of the tree-leaf

which chanced to fall upon it when a liquid pumice now held in permanent form by the adhesive power of the immoble granite, but feebly illustrates the permanently enduring power of parental influence upon the character of the young life in the home.

A man cannot help his heredity. His grandfather and father he must take as he finds them. If the family bias be that of evil, monotonous and gloomy are the chronicles of such a household. With striking uniformity is the record of the lives of certain ancient Jewish kings, as the following: "He walked in the ways of his father, who caused Israel to sin." The way is the groove cut out by ancestral habits, and is as hard to break away from by one's own power as it is for a river to, of itself, change its course. Fearful is Nature's indictment against parents who thus sin against their children by evil example.

The data as obtained from the penitentiaries of hardened criminals, from asylums for the inebriate and insane, all show that the rank and file of their numbers come from homes darkened by the life of sin, without God and without hope in the world.

This statement is without exception and is fraught with great meaning, warning us that "as the name of the wicked shall rot" the last vestige of the name of the family relic, meeting the dread sentence of the sin-avenging Jehovah, "visiting the iniquities of the fathers unto the third and fourth generation" is found in these grusome pest houses of our national life. It would be next to impossible to find a man today in any walk of life or in any prison cell, whose ancestral life on both sides runs back through four generations bearing the mark of a continuous life of iniquity. Somewhere a descendant comes upon the scene, infusing new life into the family tree by a resolute purpose to part from the wicked ways of his fathers, thus strengthening and prolonging the family name upon the earth. The words of our Lord fall like burning shafts upon the defenseless head of thoughtless and wicked fathers of our country today who neglect their children in mental and moral and spiritual training. "It were better that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he were drowned in the depths of the sea than to offend one of these little ones."

What a productive soil is the youthful mind, into which one may sow the seeds of truth. Words of cheer and goodwill thoughtfully uttered in praise of true merit, will have a sweetening and strengthening influence, inspiring in the growing heart resolutions for the highest and nobliest purposes of life. Holding up high ideals for children by parents, contradicting them by example, is to play the hypocrite before children, destroying the foundation of virtue and manhood in them ere they have half gotten through their formative period. Allowing books pernicious in character to come in the home is as wise as to let children play with rattlesnakes; taking children to the theater and having their passions inflamed by the indecencies of the stage and characters soiled by the lewd display or immoral innuendos, is sinning against children in a most fiendish manner.

Unless such cruelty be matched by the silly and foolish mother who brings her cards into the home under the wiles of Satan or under the inspiration of the spell of Satanic majesty, consecrating them to the pleasure of the home, whose incipiency may be delightfully sweet, but whose end is the cultivated and trained gambler, with mother (awful to relate) as teacher.

If a mother spends more time and thought upon her social function, her visiting list, than she does upon the study and care of the children, she need not be surprised to find the children of her home void of thought and character. If the father of the home spends more time and thought over his account books, over his orchards, his ranch, over his fine horses and cows and pigs, he need not be surprised to wake up some day to find the old cow in the back lot a more valuable adjunct to the family than the hoodlum boy, made so by gross and culpable neglect.

What Type of Citizen.

The Protestant churches of this country possess $14,000,000,000. In less than a score of years this vast sum will pass into other hands—will they be consecrated hands? Will their hearts be covetous or liberal? Will theirs be politics without morals, theology without God, and religion without Christ? Much depends upon the way in which these questions will be answered. That this government is making an experiment with the development of this generation cannot be denied.

No age hitherto ever attempted to make a complete manhood by the light of a Christian civilization, yet imparting to the growing young life a suspicion as to the character of the Holy Bible, the true and only code of morals, the revelation of the light of the world and the source of all standards of excellence, by excluding it from the public schools of the country and in some States (California particularly), forbidding it being read at all. What type of citizen can be expected from a condition of affairs as revealed where, as many as only half of the twenty-five million children of this country grow up without studying the Bible, never in a Sunday-school (and even there have only about twenty minutes for the study of the Bible), and never in a church? It is a shame and an outrage to the rising generation to so treat them. That the present mode of precedure will be succeeded by the coming generation is a moral certainty. Which possibly will be succeeded by the next when the experiment will prove a civilization of secularity—an age, pagan in character, worldly minded and having been denied the Bible in their training, virtually without God and rotten to the core. This conclusion is inevitable unless the church get and hold a stronger grip upon the masses than it has today.

The public conscience is not aroused to a sense of duty in building the citizen beyond the terms of commercial and legal honesty, whose social virtues are to be marked by the value of mercenary ends, simply kind and courteous for commercial reasons.

Without Ideals.

To build a citizen in terms of commercial and legal honesty, is to but partially build him. There are aspirations of his soul not yet met and longings of his spirit not satisfied. To so build the citizen as not to inspire in him the highest ideals is to sin against him and coming posterity.

A commercial age is of necessity destitute of high ideals. All thoughts, plans, purposes, agencies, domestic and social civil and ecclesiastical are reduced to the practical and the useful. The piece of ground containing the "hidden treasure" symbolical of the practical, absorbs all thought and consumes all care, while the "goodly pearl," suggestive of the adornment and refinement, the splendor and glory in man's kingdom of development, is excluded. The piece of ground, the yoke of oxen purchased, and the marry-

ing a wife, when appropriated to selfish ends, is pursuing a policy practically suicidal, neglecting the higher needs of man found in his social realm, enriched amid the regal splendor of the King immortal and invisible, feasting at the banquet of angels.

Give to the children the whole truth. Let them see that Nature in her marvelous manifestation is but the outward movements of the wonder-working Jehovah. The truth formed in the atomic theory, in the movement of the heavenly bodies, in the principles of the philosophies and sciences in their absolute exactness, in their unvarying purpose, in their marvelous disclosures, are co-related in fact to every other truth in God's moral universe.

Teach the child delving in the depths of philosophy that truths lie hidden there have as their foundation the ultimate truth found in Him, who said, "I am the way the truth and the life." Let the child know in the study of physics, when upon its pages falls the light of Holy Writ, that advances here are but steps in the paths that lead up to God. To the astronomer in his flight from world to world, amid the blazing light of burning suns and systems, apply the doctrine of anology that the universal law of gravitation is but a transcript of the holy law of love binding the races of the world in one common brotherhood, with God as Father and Jesus Christ as Elder Brother.

But that these great truths may take permanent hold upon the child's conscience their precepts and examples must be found in the home. The text after all may be announced in the school-room, but the sermon must be delivered in the home for the obtaining of the best results, parents being the preacher. The stability of the government is in the well regulated home and when consulting the doctrine of home, and in so far as the home becomes the sacred precinct for the nurture and cherishing of supreme love to God and reverence for women the embodiment of unbounded hospitality, the Southern home claims the pre-eminence. Well did John Ruskin say, "Home is a place of peace; a shelter not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt and division. And wherever a true wife comes, this home is always around her. The stars only may be over her head, the glow worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her feet, but home is yet wherever she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than ceiled with cedar or painted with vermillion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless."

A study of the views of different people respecting women and the home may be interesting as well as profitable.

Virginia Penny is quoted as saying, "The English woman is respectful and proud, the French woman is gay and agreeable, the Italian woman is passionate, the American woman is sincere and affectionate.

"With an English woman love is a principle, with a French woman love is a caprice, with an Italian woman it is a passion, with an American it is a sentiment.

"A man is married to an English woman, he is united to a French woman, he cohabits with an Italian woman and he is wedded to an American woman.

"An English woman is anxious to secure her lord, a French woman a companion, an Italian woman a lover, and an American woman a husband.

"An Englishman respects his lady, a Frenchman esteems his companion, the Italian adores his mistress, and the American loves his wife.

"The Englishman at night returns to his house, the Frenchman goes to his establishment, the Italian to his retreat, and the American to his home.

"When the Englishman is sick his lady visits him, when a Frenchman is sick his companion pities him, when an Italian is sick his mistress sighs over him, when an American is sick his wife nurses him.

"The Englishwoman instructs her offspring, the French woman teaches her progeny, the Italian woman rears her young, while the American woman educates her children."

Some one has aptly answered the question when to begin to train children by saying 100 years before they are born.

The great men of the world are the product of happy homes and great mothers, and the converse is true.

Byron's mother was ill-tempered and violent and the world knows of the corrupt life of her son of genius. From his dying lips were heard these words:

"My life is the sere and yellow leaf; the flowers and fruits of love are gone; the worm, the canker, the grief are mine alone."

Sir Walter Scott's mother loved poetry and painting and Scotland brought the whole world into its debt by its gift of the world's greatest poets.

Patrick Henry's mother being brilliant and happy in conversational powers, laid the foundation of building her son into the Demosthenes of modern times. A beautiful incident as a point in question is related by Benjamin West, himself a distinguished artist. When a youth he sketched his baby sister asleep in her cradle. In the rough outline his mother saw the evidence of genius and with maternal pride she kissed her boy. In after years when his productions became the attraction of the world, Benjamin West would frequently say, "That kiss made me an artist."

To build a happy home is the highest triumph of a human spirit, and none but women can do it,—no, not even angels.

The sending from the homes Washingtons, Wesleys, Johnsons, Pierces, McTyieres, Lees, Grants, Haygoods, Garfields, McKinleys, moulded into their illustrious characters, by the plastic touch of mother's hand, fashioned by the gentle caress of mother's arm, polished by the affectionate kiss of mother's lips, surpasses in glory and honor the mightiest kingdom and empire built on earth by men. For that is building character to sweep through the ages with a glory whose destiny is to be as the stainless throne of God itself.

A SUGGESTION FOR CHILDREN'S DAY.

By M. Eells.

The Children's Day is past for this year, and yet while the subject is fresh in our minds, I wish to make a suggestion to those who prepare the order of exercises for the day. For years I have been dissatisfied with these programs which I have received. This year I was more dissatisfied than ever. The selections to be learned by the children were too long, too hard and too man-made for the children in my Sabbath school. I do not say that they might not be profitably used in some schools, but they could not in mine, and I imagine that many small schools find the same difficulty that I do. Some years I have used a part of the program, and discarded a part, but this year I discarded the whole and made up my own. Flowers were abundantly brought, and verses from the Bible were given to the children beforehand to learn, adapted to their size and knowledge. All, however, having ref-

erence to flowers. Then lessons were drawn from the verses, such as trust from the lilies; the shortness of life from the fading flower; the Bible enduring forever in contrast with the flower that fadeth; the beauty which God loves in that he ordered flowers engraved on the tabernacle and temple. Christ as the rose of Sharon, the triumph of the Church when the desert shall blossom as the rose, and so on. Any thoughtful man with a concordance can find all the verses he may need by looking at the words flower, blossom, bud, rose and lily. Another year I may select similarly the birds, or some subject the children love. These verses are simple, easy to be learned, easy to be understood, and bring us back to committing to memory the Bible, of which the children are doing very little in our present-day Sunday-schools, and yet which are immensely more valuable than most of our poetry, which like the flower will soon fade, while the word of the Lord endureth forever.

Twana, Wash.

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. W. H. SCUDDER.

Lesson 2. July 12, 1903.

Saul Chosen King. 1 Sam. x:17-27.

When Samuel grasped the situation and saw that the trend of events was inevitably toward the establishment of a monarchy, he evinced a splendid trait of character in lending the new movement all of his aid, while he protested against the spirit that called it forth. Many would have abandoned the field, and secretly and openly put forth every effort to overthrow it. Others would have retired in sullen displeasure, and told the people to go on in their determination without him. In taking the stand that is recorded of him, the seer and judge retained his influence among the people, although he formally withdrew from his official position (ch. 12.). At the same time he accomplished the very thing that was most on his heart, and had been the source of all his fears—he kept God first in the mind of Israel, and taught them that He was greater than their king, and ruled in the events of their history. Is there not room for this lesson among us? Our chief executive, representing the choice of the people, is the ruler of the country during his term of office. Yet we recognize the fact that no president nor congress can legislate more than general interests, and the real government of the land goes back to the people. Still further we know that popular government depends on the ideals of the mass. Just at this time we have several forceful illustrations that men with base ideals have come into high official positions in several states, and into one of our great civic departments, calling forth protests from right-minded citizens and investigations on the part of the proper authorities.

God at the head of the government means His rule over the individual first, and His ideal of right in civic government next, and it is abundantly true that we can reject God by allowing vice and wrong in our civic offices through the men we choose to represent us there. On the other hand it should be a never-forgotten truth that we can glorify God through our system of government as truly as through our system of worship, and everyone who honestly uses the latter, should unremittingly work to accomplish the former.

The choice of Saul as King shows great wisdom. He was from the smallest of the tribes, little Benjamin, and one that had suffered because of wrong doing by a civil uprising (Judges xx:46). To select a king from this tribe was to restore it in national esteem. But in so doing it is also manifest that there was a view to meeting the exigencies of the new government. To have selected a ruler from the northern tribes was to remove the King from the territory which was most exposed to the enemy, and in actual subjugation to the Philistines. To have chosen one from the larger tribes, Judah or Ephraim, might have roused those feelings of jealousy which cropped out in after times. The choice was therefore one which needed the highest kind of wisdom behind it.

That the priestly office is ever higher than the kingly is well developed in this transaction at Mizpeh. It is Samuel, the seer, that collects the people. He emphasizes his priestly function in gathering them at Mizpeh, where his prayer and sacrifice preceded their first blow for liberty (vii:5-11). His solemn words charging them with ingratitude hold them to the fact that he, and not the king, stands between them and Jehovah, just as Moses formerly had, and his inaugural ceremonies made it quite evident that the minister of religion was greater than the minister of civic affairs. In the abolishment of the formal office of priests from our religious system, it will never cease to be a fact that men will always need someone to minister in religious things, and these, if truly servants of God, have a peculiarly potent influence which springs from their position. There is danger that the office of the minister shall be robbed of its rights, in present day tendencies to declare the minister "nothing but a man." However true that may be, the office has a right that its occupant should be the highest type of man. Our presidential office holds a worth, a dignity, and an influence which throws responsibility upon the people to select an occupant who shall maintain in his character and acts its greatness and exalted position. And when we find such an one, his office makes it rather lowering in our estimation to affirm that he is "nothing but a man." Yes, he is. He is the head of the country, the peer of kings, the leader of the nation, the servant of the people. (It takes a great man to be servant of a great people.) He stands between our people and all the world as our best type of manhood, as the best to represent all that is greatest in our nation. Such and more should be the case with the ministerial office and him who occupies it. He stands as the highest type of religious men, the leader in religious thought, the minister in holy things, the one who, because of his position, interprets the things of God to us and is the servant of the people because he is God's servant. And it lowers the dignity of this office to leave out of our minds what it stands for, and dub its occupant "nothing but a man." while it tends to divest it of its right to have the highest type of religious manhood, and that alone, in those who occupy it. And there should be high honor to the occupant of the ministerial office in selecting him as our minister, since we invest him with all the influence which that position brings because it is a mediatorial office; it stands between God and man.

Judging from his entire career, we are apt to think that Saul was not the one most fitted to be king of Israel. But we have to remember all the circumstances as he entered upon his career. He was a physical giant, which appealed largely to men in those days when the king had to lead the army in person, and victory depended much on personal courage and prowess. He was also interested in Israel as a nation,

and not simply seeking the promotion of a tribe. Under these circumstances he, better than anyone at that time, could bring the scattered, almost despairing, tribes together. His whole career was a preparation for David, and without him David would not have been the king he proved to be. In these particulars it was true that Saul was the one "whom Jehovah hath chosen, there is none like him among all the people." (v. 24.).

Saul's behavior, recorded in i: v. 22, was most natural under the circumstances. Whatever preparation Samuel had given him (ch. 10) Saul was a modest farmer, unskilled in the affairs of state, and unused to leadership. He did not seek the position to which he was chosen, and undoubtedly felt embarrassed at the possibility of being made king. So he retired to the place where the baggage had been piled together, and it was necessary to fetch him from thence for the new career upon which he was to enter. True humility is a beautiful grace, and it appears more beautiful in those who have capability, strength, energy and courage.

There lie within us latent powers which need to be touched by some circumstance or some individual to let them loose in our lives for greater purposes. Saul would have continued his plowing and died a farmer had not a couple of his father's asses strayed away, and in hunting for them Samuel had gotten hold of a young man. Into that mind which was content to be a farmer's son Samuel placed a new ambition, and Saul's destiny was changed. In the majority of cases men are called to larger destinies than they have in mind. But they have no great desire for higher things, and no one happens to touch the spring that uncoils their latent powers. Read the lives of Lincoln, Garfield, Horace Greeley and a host of our successful men, that you may feel the possibility of a much larger destiny by a wider use of what is in you.

God's call to us comes in a great variety of ways. Saul is called by the "lot," the significance of which is given in the proverb (Prov. xvi:33):

"The lot is cast into the lap,
But all its decision cometh from Jehovah."

The exact mode of this decision is in a good deal of doubt. Possibly in this instance the names of the tribes were inscribed on tablets of wood and a selection made from the mixed mass. But it was God's call. David was called in a very different way (ch. xvi: 11-13); Solomon in another (2 Kings iii: 5). So we have to listen for God's call, recognize it as distinctly our call, and act in obedience. Notice that Saul did not desire to heed the summons. He entered upon the work through a sense of duty. But obedience is the only real requisite when God calls. The spirit of the Lord came upon Saul when he obeyed the call, and it will upon any who follow the will of God as made clear to them. Let each man seriously ask what God has called him to, and unhesitatingly follow in the direction indicated.

EMERSON.

New Adam was he, with no past behind;
No dead hand reaching from the grave to bind;
No terror come from old tradition—none
Had power upon that spirit sweet with sun.
He dared to follow an untraveled way
And flout the Emerson of yesterday;
To cast away the moldy charts and steer
By the star of his own soul without a fear.

Edwin Markham.

Christian Endeavor Service.

REV. HERBERT N. BEVIER

July 12, 1903.

What the Holy Spirit Can Do for Me. John xvi: 5-15.

A brief and comprehensive answer to this question would be "Everything that God and Christ can do," for it is the mission of the Holy Spirit to carry out and apply the purposes of God and the redemption of Christ unto the uttermost. There is a necessary element of mystery in the operations of the Triune God, the fulness of whom the finite mind may never wholly comprehend, for it is folly for man to hope to measure the ocean of infinitude with his little pint cup, yet enough is revealed for a guide of life. In general it seems true to say with Dr. Kuyper in his great book on the Holy Spirit, that the causative force in the universe is God, the Father, the constructive is God, the Son, while that which guides and directs until perfect is God, the Spirit. "To lead the creature to its destiny, to cause it to develop according to its nature, to make it perfect is the proper work of the Holy Spirit. The older theologians used to say, "The Father creates, the Son redeems, the Spirit sanctifies," or again, "The Father originates, the Son executes, the Spirit applies the purposes and operations of grace," but the investigations of science in our day have disclosed so much of God in his works, in nebulae and stars, in winds and waves, in rocks and soils and grasses, in flowers and fruits and forests, in beasts and birds and in the nature of man, that our conceptions of the work of the Divine Spirit are correspondingly enlarged. From the time that "the Spirit of God" moved upon the face of the waters and God said "Let there be light and there was light," through all the changes of the sky and earth and sea, in all the developments of earth and man—the whole life history of the race, yes, and in the life and work of Christ himself, the Holy Spirit, which is but the personal energy of the Spirit of Holiness in God, has been perpetually active. What the scientists call force the Christian believer calls the Holy Spirit, the energy of God, the great Cause, working through nature and grace to accomplish the ends of holiness. The meaning and direction of all is summed up in the words of Jesus: "Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect."

Thus we see that the Holy Spirit has been active for us from the dawn of creation and back of that even in the counsels of God. The whole wondrous universe has been planned that Christian Endeavorers might develop holy lives and so "glorify God and enjoy him forever." The final cause of all things is holiness in freedom—the perfection of human and divine living—"Christ in you, the hope of glory." We are subjects of the last stage in the mighty process. The Holy Spirit is now busy chiefly in saving human souls, developing them in character and perfection—the evolution of the Spirit in man.

The constructive and molding idea of this is of course Christ, who is formed in us, but He who takes the things of Christ and shows them unto us, He who guides us unto truth, He who illumines the way, directs us and cheers and comforts and imparts power to walk in it, is the Holy Spirit. What the Holy Spirit can do for me and for you and for everyone who does not shut him out by evil is thus made clear. He can lead us to Christ, He can assist us to faith, He can make us repentant, He can direct us into holiness of character, He can clothe and fill us with power for

service. In all this he does for us and helps us to do what without Him we could never do.

We may say God is with us always. "Closer is He than breathing, nearer than hands or feet." We speak in the language of the Bible of Christ being "in us the hope of glory." But these are true in and through the Holy Spirit. It is by the Spirit that God comes to the soul and dwells in it and it is through the Spirit that Christ abides in our hearts. This is the Divine wisdom in our behalf. Christ said, "It is expedient for you that I go away, for if I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I go I will send him unto you." The Holy Spirit has come to reprove the world of sin, of righteousness and of judgment, to be the guide unto truth and of things to come, to take the things of Christ and show them unto us. So we may well ask another question, "What cannot the Holy Spirit do for us?"

There is nothing manly or womanly, nothing pure or true or noble, nothing brave or unselfish, nothing in kindness or love, nothing saving or world-uplifting that He cannot do for us or in us or help us to be or do. What God can do, the Spirit can do. What Christ can do the Spirit can do. So that when we say we are in the Spirit, God is in us and Christ is in us, the same as though each were in us and both were in us. The importance of this lies in this—that it is through the Spirit God chooses to work and through the Spirit Christ chooses to work, and that without the Spirit we can have neither God nor Christ. We are living in the dispensation of the Spirit.

The Spirit is outside us and may be kept out by unholy and unresponsive minds and hearts. The Spirit is in us but may be buried beneath hardened and impure hearts and selfish and worldly hearts. The Spirit is in nature but may be shut out by irreverent and unworshipful hearts. The Spirit is in the Bible but may be unperceived if never read or if read with irreverent or unworshipful minds. The Spirit may be inbreathed in prayer but may be never breathed by those who never pray. The heavens that declare the glory of God may communicate his spirit to the soul that devoutly studies them. The Bible will communicate the Spirit to those who reverently commune with it and will teach us much that otherwise we could not know. Prayer will woo the Spirit and cause Him to spring up within us a fountain of living water unto everlasting life. Endeavors after holiness will attract the Spirit, for "the pure in heart shall see God." In all these ways and perhaps in others we may seek to be filled with the Spirit and thus have abundant life and power. Do we seek buoyancy and cheerfulness in Christian experience? The Spirit will give it. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up on wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint." Do we seek power? The Spirit will convey it. "Ye shall have power after that the Spirit of God is come upon you." Do we desire loveliness of character? "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against which there is no law."

INLAND EMPIRE LETTER.

By Iorwerth.

The recent disaster which took place in the town of Heppner, Ore., is well known to the public. Nearly two hundred souls were hurled to eternity without hardly a warning. The people of Oregon have done grandly in relieving the distressed, so that as much as possible all needs have been supplied. The towns of Ione and Arlington were marvelously saved. They are ten and eighteen miles from Heppner, and were probably saved from destruction through the heroic efforts of a man who drove in advance of the flood to give them warning. Our church at Lexington was not destroyed, as once reported; but the Methodist church near by was. The pastor, Rev. J. L. Jones, says that the trees around the church saved it. But the building was damaged some, both inside and outside. The inside was covered with six or seven inches of mud, and the hymn books were destroyed. The pastor of the church has not made an appeal for aid because others have suffered so much more than the Congregational church; nevertheless, contributions to aid in repairing the building and replacing the hymn books, etc., will be appreciated by the church. Aid can be sent to Rev. J. L. Jones, Ione, Ore.

Church News.

California.

Redondo Beach.—Rev. Otto Anderson accepts a call as three months' supply from the church at Redondo Beach.

Whittier.—Rev. N. T. Edwards of Escondido accepts a call from the church at Whittier and begins his work July 5th.

Los Angeles.—Rev. J. H. Mallows of Plymouth church visits England, and his marriage to Mrs. Prentiss of his church is announced for September.

Los Angeles.—Rev. C. P. Dorland, late of the Los Angeles Eastside church is with his family in the Yosemite valley and will supply the church at Long Beach.

San Jacinto.—Rev. H. E. Merrill has closed his pastorate here and goes with his family to his former home in Vermont for the summer. Rev. N. Kingsbury will supply temporarily.

The Island.—This church, only three miles from Ferndale, is ministered to by the pastor of the latter, making three services every Sunday for him. Congregations have grown since Mr. Famewosth commenced his pastorate.

Villa Park.—Mr. Herbert Livingston, after some months of very acceptable supply of the Villa Park church, returns to Berkeley for attendance on the summer school and during the coming year resumes study in the Theological Seminary.

Eureka.—Rev. Franklin Baker has come to Eureka from Nebraska. He entered on the work Sunday, June 14th. Excellent congregations have greeted the new pastor, and the church looks forward to an era of success and prosperity under his direction.

Lodi.—Three persons united with the church at the communion service held June 28th, one by letter and two on confession. Of these two one was the pastor's little boy, and the other a man whose conversion was a triumph of grace. A babe was also baptized.

Lodi.—The Methodist, Christian and Congregational churches have united in prayer-meetings for the summer months. During July and August they will unite in Sunday evening open-air meetings in the plaza. During July Rev. G. H. DeKay will supply the Third church of San Francisco.

Etna.—Etna has a fine new organ, the gift of the Sunday school and our senior deacon. A dedication service for the organ was held on Sunday. The music and other parts were all of a high order and much interest was shown. Our church at Callahan has ordered a new bell which will be of great value in letting the mining camp know of our services. The work in all our Scott Valley churches is progressing nicely.

Lockeford.—The Congregational and Methodist churches have recently been conducting Sunday evening services on the street. The place of meeting is near three saloons. The movement was initiated by Rev. F. L. Newcomb of the M. E. church, and Rev. G. H. DeKay seconded it with an apt sermon on "Fishing for Men." The Christian people have supported it well and the move is justified a large attendance of those who will not attend church. Perfect order prevails.

Ferndale.—Congregations are being depleted somewhat by the usual summer attractions. The pastor and people are made glad by visitors from abroad, among those recently being Mrs. Philip Coombe and daughters, now sojourning at their former home. Rev. Arthur Famewosth, the wide-awake pastor, has among other things the building of an annex to the church edifice, as some of the necessary improvements to be made soon. A children's choir leads the congregational singing on Sundays.

San Francisco, Sunset.—This church reports continued progress; Sunday-school increasing in attendance and interest. Junior C. E. meetings surprise the visitor, by the earnest prayers of the little folks and the evidence of real Christianity. Members of the Senior C. E. Society last week visited various city missions and reported at the meeting Sunday night in such an earnest manner as to arouse a deep interest in this work. Financially the church is in good condition. The recent offering for the C. S. S. and P. S. amounted to $13.00.

Ceres.—A Congregational church of 19 members was organized at Smyrna Park on the 17th of May; the following Sunday there was one addition to the membership. Five of the persons first uniting came on confession of faith. Several accessions are expected next Sunday, when a Sunday-school and a Christian Endeavor society will be organized. A little chapel has been built, and the outlook is encouraging. Smyrna Park is about three miles from Ceres, and is largely a colony of Eastern people. Dr. Dickinson, formerly pastor of Berkeley Temple, Boston, and at Sacramento, has a home here. The pastor is Rev. Clinton Douglas.

Perris.—The Rev. George F. Mathes, a former student in the Pacific Theological Seminary, has for four years served as the efficient pastor and preacher of the church in Perris. During this time, in addition to the performance of current duties, he has covered a wide range of historical and philosophical study. This diversion has enabled him to produce a series of able sermons on great characters and epochs of the church. Mr. and Mrs. Mathes attended the recent commencement of Heidelberg University of Ohio, their Alma Mater, and to him was given the degree of Ph.D. Dr. Mathes will spend the mid-summer on the Atlantic coast, including Boston and vicinity. Work at Perris will be resumed in September.

Martinez.—The resignation of E. W. Stoddard from the pastorate of the Congregational church of Martinez severs a relation that has existed for more than eleven years. No pastor in all our land is more generally beloved than is Mr. Stoddard, and no one more fully commands the respect and confidence of all who know him. He resigns his place in the church to accept the principalship of the Alhambra Union High school. The church feels keenly his loss as preacher and pastor, but it is a source of great satisfaction to know that he remains with us in the church, for the present a lay member only, but still helping to carry on the work to which he has devoted so many years. Mr. Stoddard has proven himself a successful teacher as well as pastor, and whether in the pulpit or in the school-room, his life will be spent in the Master's service.

Pasadena, Lake Avenue.—Old Folks' Day follows Children's Day in this church, a beautiful custom adopted some years ago by the energetic and tactful pastor. On June 14th the grandfathers and grandmothers attended this service in large numbers and heard a profitable discourse on "How to Grow Old Gracefully." The pastor paid a high tribute to the old people of the congregation. In the evening of the same day there was a unique missionary meeting. Mrs. McConnell and Miss Churchman, returned missionaries from India, and Miss Grassy from a leper colony in the outskirts of Jerusalem, each dressed in native costume, spoke with exceptional interest of the people and their work in their respective fields. Then they sang "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—one in Hindustanee, one in Arabic, and the other in English. The church mourns the death of five of its adult members this year. The last one to be called above was Mrs. D. S. Merwin. Mr. Emerson in the funeral sermon sketched her life, which was remarkable for its sweetness and patience during her long illness as a beautiful romance.

Fields Landing.—Pastor Chakurian is smiling almost continuously because a daughter a few days since brightened the life in the parsonage. Nevertheless, he gives faithful service to the five charges committed to him. Two years since he organized a Junior Christian Endeavor Society which, led by a young man, gave a special service on Sunday evening, June 21st. Several boys belong to the organization and apparently take great interest therein. Seventy-two per cent. of the enrolled membership have attended the meetings and the offerings have been devoted to several missionary causes, among the latter a school at Tarsus, in which the pastor has special interest. Mr. Chakurian is hoping a minister can be secured for two of his preaching points, thus enabling him to give all his time to the others. Fields Landing and Falk in particular. Mr. Chakurian is reported to be a fine preacher and a wise, genial pastor. Now that Brother Griffiths has left the county, Mr. Chakurian is the senior Congregational pastor of Humboldt. He has been several years in his present parish, and apparently has no disposition to seek a new field. Such patient continuance in well-doing is refreshing in these days of change, and a credit both to the pastor and the people whom he serves.

Loleta.—This village of 250 inhabitants has one of the most attractive church plants of any community of its size on the Coast. A neat and commodious house of worship, with a comfortable parsonage adjoining, of five large, airy rooms. The same was built through the aggressive efforts of Brother Jasper, at one time pastor of this place. Ours is the only church edifice, and Christian work is carried on by ourselves alone,

Rev. E. E. Chakurian of Fields Landing being in charge. So great is his care (several churches looking to him for ministrations) that he would like to relinquish Loleta to some worthy brother, and the latter would find a needy field for his effort. Some man with a small family could be comfortably housed here, and find work sufficient for all his powers, especially if another preaching point be yoked with this. The people are raising a fair sum, which doubtless would be increased if a wise, consecrated pastor, resident on the field, would give himself devotedly to the work. This with what home missionary aid is available, would furnish a fair living. The community is well-to-do, dairying being the chief business, and hence money being put in circulation each month. Living is fairly reasonable, and the pastor bent upon doing good, would find not a little to reward his effort. Some forty or more children are enrolled in the Sunday-school, and sometimes the attendance is large, though frequently a base ball game reduces the number to twenty. Two teachers are in the public school, so it is evident there is considerable young life in the community upon which to work. A Junior Christian Endeavor Society is maintained, meeting every Sunday evening at 5:30. Senior Endeavor is at 6:30, and every alternate Sunday only there is a preaching service following this. The church membership is reduced to five, but these are not discouraged and are hoping for a suitable pastor to live and work among them may ere long be sent. The ministrations of Mr. Chakurian are greatly appreciated.

Washington.

Lakeside.—A new church building is under way here, which will be ready for dedication probably in two or three months. The church work in general is progressing favorably under the direction of the Rev. D. H. Reid, General Missionary.

THE WORK AT PICARD.

Picard, 4,000 feet in the air, four miles from the Oregon line, 60 miles to the northeast of Mount Shasta, having (including a radius of 15 miles) a population of 500 people, isolated, by a long distance from the railroad, and by high ridges of mountains, and by the Klamath lake on the east, observed Children's Day. Of late years the better element among the scattered population, encouraged by our missionary agencies, has been asserting itself. Five years ago the greatest attractions of which the community could boast was a Sunday horse race or a masquerade ball. Now (for the time being at least) nothing stirs the region quite so much as something going on at the church—Children's Day, Easter or Christmas. An old resident has just remarked to the missionary: "Well! sir, there has been a great change. The people are now interested in better things. It is encouraging."

June the 21st was Children's Day. Parents and children were out in force. The outlying Sunday-schools were invited, and they came with baskets of flowers and baskets of provisions and sociability. The children seemed to be at their best. Their recitations, their songs, their prayers, were listened to with great interest. One lady went so far as to remark to another that these children were really as smart as city children. Indeed, there is no telling what these neglected children will do, if given a chance. One 16-year-old boy said in sadness to the missionary, apparently deeply conscious of what he possibly might have been if these days of privilege had been his: "I ought to have died when a baby. Evil habits are ruining me. Life is not of any good." It was a rare privilege to call attention briefly to that house full of children and parents what Jesus would do to make life worth living. The church, lately dedicated, is proving itself to be a grand investment for all this region of country. Sunday services are not crowded; hard, systematic study on the Sunday-school lesson or even regular attendance by the children at Sunday-school has not yet been secured. Yet a beginning is being made. Parents generally have not yet been converted, but their judgment and good sense are headed now in the right direction. They know that these things are best for them and the children. Not the wealth in these surrounding forests of pine which men are eagerly seeking to develop, not these cattle upon these thousands of hills, or these vast acres of agricultural land can begin to compare in value with the treasures in these boys and girls in our upper California. Oh! for patience and wisdom to develop and bring out these possibilities.

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

Two hundred miles by rail to Truckee, about twenty-five miles by stage and the town of Sierraville is reached, where Rev. Mr. Kidd lives and preaches over a valley thirty miles long and fifteen miles wide, one of the most beautiful and fertile in the State. A large part of the valley is well watered, streams threading many of the farms. The fields as a consequence are ever green with natural grass, which is cut for hay, making about two tons per acre. It is naturally a dairy and stock country. Hay is not the only crop, for the streams abound in fish. When a man can go out on his farm and catch 80 trout in three hours, as was done by Mr. Berry, neither the farmer or the pastor has to go on a vacation.

Railroads are being built, so that before long the valley will be in touch with the rest of the world east and west.

Rev. Mr. Kidd preaches at five different places. Friday night at Mohawk, fifteen miles distant, reached with team; in the winter three feet of snow, in the spring ten feet of mud, and in the summer dust, the writer hesitates to say how deep. When it is on the rise it reaches the skies.

On the occasion of our visit, a dance in the vicinity attracted some of the usual congregation, still there was a good attendance. The organization of a Sunday-school was completed. Saturday night fourteen miles further on to Beckwith and a service, and Sunday also. The day was given over to the presentation of the work of the C. S. S. and P. S. and a helpful contribution made. The Sunday-school which had been suspended for some time was reorganized.

Loyalton is a growing town of about one thousand people and promises to be much larger in the near future. It is the center of business in the valley, and enjoys the unusual fame of being a temperance town. No liquor is allowed in the place.

Mr. Kidd has, by request, been holding services and preaching to large audiences.

Sattley is another place visited in the afternoon of the Sunday spent at Sierraville. It is five miles distant. At Sierraville a marked improvement has been made in the painting of the church and parsonage. The evening congregations are large. At this time the Children's Day program was rendered complete. The house was filled as well as the contribution baskets.

Reno, Nev., is enjoying a rush of prosperity in a

business and building way. The same should be said of it spiritually.

There is considerable excitement over the moving of the railroad shops from Wadsworth. The site selected is about three and one-half miles east of Reno. The company is grading and filling for about two miles. A new town has been platted and lots are selling rapidly. There is a prospect of a town of twelve hundred in twelve months. Lots have been secured for a Congregational church. The opportunities for work and growth was never better than now.—S.

Notes and Personals.

The Rev. Griffith Griffiths and his son Farnham are meeting with success in their efforts to build up the circulation of The Pacific.

The Rev. Dr. Minton of Newark, New Jersey, formerly of the San Francisco Theological Seminary, will supply the pulpit of the First church of San Francisco for two Sundays this month, during Dr. Adam's vacation.

Again we ask the friends of The Pacific to look at the date on the labels on their papers and to remit subscription if the same is due. These small sums mean much to us. Prompt renewal on the part of our subscribers is an encouragement which the paper needs.

Next Monday the Rev. S. E. Persons, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Cazenovia, New York, will address the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity. Mr. Persons is supplying the pulpit of the First Congregational church of Oakland for three Sundays.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

From Ruk.

We quote from a letter from Miss Jennie D. Baldwin of Ruk, Caroline Islands, which was written on the 23rd of March:

"The more frequent mails are keeping us in touch with the great wide world and we feel that we are really reading news when periodicals are but 2 months old. The work here has been difficult during this transition period. Months ago we heard of the contemplated change, but did not inform the natives, thinking it advisable to wait for the final decision. In the meantime it has been reported that the missionaries are to be driven out, this coupled with the imprisonment of four boys of the Training School has greatly excited people. Many are fearful and weak, and some have openly declared they would turn Catholic when teachers arrive, and we hear that one is coming on the next ship. It is somewhat discouraging to see this lack of moral courage in some of whom we expected better things; but it is certainly Christ-like to judge these poor heathen, ignorant people leniently.

"I do not know as you have heard of my sister's illness. For months she has been suffering with tropical exhaustion, and at present is confined to bed with an attack of severe indigestion consequent to her weak condition. My hands are full caring for her and the forty-one girls, which now compose our family. We love our girls and hope that earnest Christian workers may come to take up this work and lead them in the way of all truth."

Miss Emily Hartwell of Foo Chow, China, is expected to reach San Francisco on Saturday next. Owing to her very brief stay, and her hurried departure for the East, the reception to her, which was planned for Monday, July 6th, at Fruitvale, has been postponed indefinitely. S. M. Farnam.

CONCERNING THE PERSECUTIONS IN KOREA.

We quote as follows from a letter written by the Rev. Samuel Moffett, D.D., to Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Fish of San Rafael:

"When I left home I expected to be gone but a few days, but the investigation which I came to attend has developed into such an important matter that both Dr. Underwood and myself have felt constrained to stay on to the end and Dr. Allen, the U. S. Minister, has wished us to stay that we may keep him informed. The investigation is into the lawless acts and persecution of the French priests and their Roman Catholic followers, and has been undertaken by the Korean government after the persistent appeal on the part of some of our Christians who had been most shamefully treated and cruelly beaten by the Romanists, who banded together and assisted by the priest had resisted arrest, beaten and arrested policemen, and were inaugurating a regular "reign of terror in this province."

The investigation has developed a great state of things. Not only our Christians, but the people generally have been arrested, tried and beaten by Romanist leaders and French priests; they have been tortured and had money extorted from them by torture for the building of Roman Catholic churches. These Romanists have raided and robbed villages, beaten women and children, and arresting men, have taken them to a sort of fortified mountain fortress where a priest lives, and have there set up a regular court with armed guards and implements of torture. When policemen had been sent to arrest them, bands of two and three hundred Romanists have released the prisoners and in turn arrested the police, who were taken before the French priests, where they were beaten and ordered off. In one case a priest sent twenty armed men to arrest a government official, capturing him and marching him sixteen miles at night. One man has confessed to having killed a man under torture, but says he was only obeying the priests' orders.

It is hard to believe that such a condition has existed here, but the investigation has brought out all this and more. Over forty men have been already convicted and others are awaiting trial, while in some cases the chief criminals have fled and escaped arrest. The queerest thing of all is that the Roman Catholic authorities are trying to protect these criminals and shield the men from punishment.

So long as the Roman Catholics attacked the people only, they were able to terrorize them into submission, but when they demanded money of the Protestant Christians, and tried to torture them into giving it, they met with men of better stuff, who would die before they would submit. For six months these Christians tried to get justice from the courts, only to find that all the lower courts were powerless against the Roman Catholics and their influence. They finally succeeded in getting the case before the supreme court in Seoul, and that, with the publication of the matter in the Korean Review, and Dr. Allen's request for an investigation, brought the Korean government to realize what great issues were involved, so that an investigation was ordered. As the French insisted on having a French-

man present to witness the trials and report, so Dr. Allen requested Dr. Underwood and me to attend the trials and report.

This is what brought me here and still keeps me here, although I think we are now near the end of the trial.

It has been a great privilege to see the spirit of forbearance and love manifested by our Christians who have suffered so severely, and I am thankful for this evidence; also of the power of the gospel of Jesus Christ. The attack of the Romanists was upon the group of believers, which was the first one I organized in this province nine years ago, and the man who has stood the persecution and who has made such a persistent and finally successful struggle to obtain justice from the Government, is one of the men who were received as the first catechumens in Pyeng Yang ten years ago. He is a hero indeed, and is showing the same kind of character as that shown by our ancestors during Reformation days.

We do not yet know just what the outcome will be, but do not believe the French government or the Jesuitical methods of the priests will succeed in defeating all justice, although they may succeed in preventing adequate punishment of the criminals.

CHRISTIANITY'S OVERT POWER.

The influence of Christianity is not confined strictly to the church as the expression of churchism. It's power is overt in character, and like leaven spreads through all the nooks and corners of man's diversified life.

This is God's mode of redeeming the race. Christ is neither here nor there as marked by boundaries tangible, but the Kingdom of God, of which Christ is the living Exponent, is within the human heart, proclaiming universal regency, and by its stimulating and insinuating power ennobles and refines the universal conscience of man.

It is lamentable that the source of such a power should give visible signs of weakness at any time.

Is it not time for serious meditation when the annual net gain in the membership of a church is barely one for every one thousand members? How long would a commercial enterprise stand with such a showing?

The one universal lament by devout men is over the small gain in membership annually.

In connection with this statement is the conceded fact that Christianity as a cause was never more universally popular. The ethics of the New Testament are the adopted code of human conduct throughout Christendom, and have a stronger grasp upon human conscience than did the Ten Commandments hold upon the Jews in the palmiest days of Hebrew glory.

This fact is most wholesome, and furnishes food for reflection. Along with the slow growth in Church membership is an increase in numbers of men and women who are not identified with any church, and studiously avoid sustaining relation to the church, but adopting the principles inculcated by the church they, not a few unwittingly, have imbibed the spirit of Christ, and because of their pure, honorable lives must be recognized as living in the invisible Kingdom of Christ, or are "not far from the Kingdom of God," though for lack of information touching the merits of the visible Kingdom of Christ have preferred to sustain no relation to it, and in many instances maintain either a patronizing or hostile air toward the church. Shall we say the church being misunderstood labors at great disadvantage? How to overcome this barrier in their way and help them into the visible kingdom is the duty of the ecclesiastical statesman. The growing indifference to church loyalty, the casting aside the theology of the fathers, the turning of a deaf ear to forms, rituals, etc., and going straight to the principles of Christianity with the individual conscience as sole interpreter of Biblical

The Retirement of Dr. R. Heber Newton.

The retirement of Dr. R. Heber Newton from the pastorate of the Stanford Memorial Church is not fully explained. To those who know the life of Stanford University is is not so much of a surprise. As no reason for such an action has been assigned Dr. Newton will not feel aggrieved if we look over the situation and draw our own conclusions. Dr. Newton is a mercurial mystic. He believes that he represents a new philosophy. Metaphysics is the basis of physics. Mind is "beyond" and "behind" matter. Being, mind and energy are all the same thing, and personality is the essential element lacking. This divine energy back of all material things cannot impose a personal responsibility, not being itself personal.

Dr. Newton is opposed to the "sects," himself at the same time being the head of a "sect" to oppose "sects." He professed to have discovered a sort of criterion for religious truth independent of the Scriptures. There was to his mind a something he called the "common denominator" to all religions. No one knew what it was, and he was unable to reveal it, hence his preaching was vague and incoherent. There was every mental thing in his sermon except Christ. "The symphony of life," "the power of silence," "cheerful inward serenity," "visualizing ideas," "mental photography," "lucid rationalism," "light of optimism," and many other phosphorent phrases, but Dr. Newton had no settled convictions as to the essential elements of character. He had no real message for thinking, growing students.

It appears clear enough from this experiment that students do not care much for pretentious philosophizing. They want something positive, something based on experience. The "new thought" which Dr. Newton attempted to force into the Stanford curriculum amounted to but little more than the vapor from Kant, Spinoza, Hegel and Emerson. Dr. Jordan once said that the sermons they wanted at Stanford were sermons on the great doctrines of the gospel, not on science. The students already had science six days in the week. Dr. Newton found himself absolutely without a constituency. There is a large contingency of eccentric people in California, but no one has yet been able to beat them into coherency. Dr. Newton's omnium-gatherum system, a sort of bric-a-brac for religious curios, is not adapted to a student body. In a large city where a miscellaneous population without definite purpose or fixed convictions come and go Dr. Newton's philosophy of mysticism might seem to make greater headway.—California Christian Advocate.

I WONDER.

I wonder if ever a song was sung,
But the singer's heart sang sweeter?
I wonder if ever a rhyme was rung,
But the thought surpassed the meter?
I wonder if ever the sculptor wrought
Till the cold stone echoed his inmost thought?
Or if ever a painter, with light and shade,
The dream of his inmost soul betrayed?

HAMMURABI OF BABYLON.

A King Who Reigned Over Twenty-two Hundred Years Before Christ.

Hammurabi reigned in Babylon about 2250 B. C. We know nothing of Babylon before his time. There were other local capitals: Ur, Erech, Nippur and Lagash to the south, and Agane and Sippara to the north, each the seat of a temple of some one of the gods. At Sippara the local divinity was Shamash, the sun god. We know the form under which Shamash was worshipped, for Mr. Rassam, in his excavations at Sippara, the modern Abu-habba, dug up, from a great depth, the sacred image of the god, a base relief on a large slab, accompanied by a memorial inscription of King Nabu-abal-idin, or Nebo-gives-a-son. The sun god sits on his throne under a canopy, and the king is presented to him by two divine attendants. Before the god, resting on a table, is the symbol of the sun, with alternate rays and streams; and above are two figures who direct the course of the sun in his daily journey, much as a Persian artist would place the disk of the sun in a chariot to be drawn by his horses, or as a Greek artist would give him a charioteer. There are smaller symbols of the sun, the moon and Venus, and the cuneiform inscription explains the meaning of the composition. When this stone was found by the Arab workmen, they came running to Mr. Rassam and told him they had found Noah with his sons Shem, Ham and Japheth; and Mr. Rassam was so pleased that he killed an ox and made a great feast.

In this city of Sippara and before the sun god's temple Hammurabi set up one of the great stone columns on which were inscribed the laws. It remained there three hundred years or more, until, in feebler succession, the kings from the mountains of Elam invaded and conquered again the rich plains of Babylonia. We know not what costly spoil of gold and embroidered vestures they carried away; but much more important for us was their loot of the historical stone monuments of Babylonia, and most fortunate of all was their choice of the stele of Hammurabi. He had first brought the heavy stone, perhaps, from the mountains of Arabia, it may be by boat from the western side of the Arabian peninsula, some think even from the Sinaitis quarries at the north end of the Red Sea. That would have taken a year's travel. The Elamite conqueror put this stone and a considerable number of smaller stone records of land grants (like the one pictured on page 459), called "kudurus," into boats, and, following the main canals, reached the Tigris river (for Sippara is near the Euphrates), and then passed down to the Persian Gulf, and thence up the Karun or Eulaeus river, or quite as likely through some of the intersecting canals, and by this long journey they were brought to grace his triumph at Susa.—Dr. William Hayes Ward, in July Century.

THE OPEN CHURCH.

A young minister remarked in our hearing not long ago that Protestants are missing a great opportunity by keeping their houses of worship closed all the time save for the few hours devoted to the Sunday and mid-week services. He drew a comparison between the Protestant and the Roman Catholic customs, and asserted his belief that the reason why the devotees of Rome loved their religious edifices so fervently was because they found there a place for spiritual retirement and devotion. Why, asked he, should not the Protestant churches, in the cities especially, be kept open in like manner?

The question is worthy of consideration. Are we not secularizing the Lord's house more by locking it up than we should be doing if we threw open its doors to the Christian public, letting it be known that whoever desired to enter in would find a welcome? Has the reader, when passing a church door, never wished that he might stop for a few moments within the sacred precincts, and, shutting the world and its turmoil away, sit in silent meditation or kneel in prayer? If the stranger in a great city, the young man from his country home, the tempted and the care-oppressed, knew that the open church offers a spiritual home and retreat, a rallying place for all who would find the Lord, would there not gather about these structures an atmosphere of warmth and human helpfulness which is now too often lacking? If the church is God's house it ought to be easy to find God "at home" in His house any day in the week and any hour of the day.

The July Century is distinctively a fiction number; and the list of stories is long and varied enough to please the most omnivorous appetite for fiction. But, for readers who want something beside fiction there is no lack of more solid reading. Nothing could be more timely, in view of the bi-centennial of Wesley, than the life of the founder of Methodism, by C. T. Winchester, professor of English literature at Wesleyan University, and well known on other platforms as a lecturer. The July issue brings, too, the long expected "Unpublished Letters by Sir Walter Scott," edited by Horace P. Hutchinson, with notes by Mrs. Mary Anne Watts Hughes, to whom the letters were written, and an introductory sketch of Mrs. Hughes by her grandson, Mr. W. H. Hughes, the American brother of the famous "Tom Hughes." Dr. William Hayes Ward answers the question asked by so many since a recent letter of the Emperor William, "Who Was Hammurabi?" The article tells of the recent discoveries at Susa of the earliest code of law.

For the long, warm days, on the sands, by the lake, in the country, good St. Nicholas has provided a notably rich and full July issue to please the girls and boys in many lands. A summer magazine should have a decidedly out-of-doors flavor; and that is what distinguishes Ralph Henry Barbour's "A Pair of Poachers," a story for boys refreshingly off the beaten track. Frances Courtenay Baylor's "In the Cavalry" pictures army life attractively for both girls and boys. "Marjory's First Celebration" is a pretty Fourth of July story; and Howard Pyle's "The Story of King Arthur and His Knights" grows in interest. The July St. Nicholas, too, is unusually rich in interesting and valuable articles, not strictly stories. Among them are the following: "An Indian Village," by Julian Ralph, lately passed away; "The Origin of Our Flag," by Parmalee McFadden, giving some valuable unfamiliar facts; "Some Ancient Fleets," by Fanny Gwen Ford.

The real worker never says, How little can I do? but always, How much?

Be sure of this, that until you have an honest soul you cannot conduct an honest business.

Leisure hath its temptations, so has poverty, so has wealth, so has religion itself.

Grandma:

Grandma sits in her rocking chair,
Watching the sun go down;
There's a yellow glow on her snow-white hair
As she sits on the porch in the open air,
That seems like a golden crown.

Watching the clouds with dreamy eyes—
I wonder what Grandma sees?
Is she watching the pictures in the skies,
That change and fade as the sunlight dies
Above the distant trees?

All her life she has done her best
To walk in the narrow way;
Which leads to the mansions of the blest,
Where longing hearts find peaceful rest,
In never-ending day.

And now she is old and her work is done,
Her treasures safe on high;
The sands of her life are almost run;
Her earthly battles are fought and won,
And Heaven draweth nigh.

What does she see in the summer sky,
Watching the sun's last ray?
A shining path to her home on high
That brighter grows as the days go by,
And ends in perfect day.

—Frank Beard.

Our National Songs.

War songs spring into being when a nation's heart is overflowing with loyalty All races, from time immemorial, have had their war songs. They begin the poetry of nations. The Iliad chanted the glory of Grecian arms. The bards of the Celts and Teutons gave both lyrics and laws to their people. From these same sources came the inspiration of the old war songs of France, the thundering battle spirit of the "Marseillaise." This country has been fortunate in timely war songs. From the time preceding the Revolutionary War it has never lacked for soul-stirring ballads. "Yankee Doodle" was a tune rather than a song when the British played it in derision.

Just a hundred years ago, the first great war song came into existence. "Hail Columbia" has occupied a hallowed place in the hearts of all true Americans, not only on account of its soul-stirring words, but also by reason of the grandeur and sublimity of its sentiments. This song was written by Joseph Hopkinson, and it was first sung in public on the stage of a Philadelphia theater by a young actor named Fox.

The theater was crowded to the doors, and when the soul-inspiring lines of the new song were sung the audience went wild with enthusiasm.

The singer was forced to sing the song again and again, while his hearers joined in the chorus with a heartiness and a volume of sound that rivaled the roar of distant Niagara. The new song spread throughout the land like wildfire, and became the war song of the young Republic.

The war of 1812 was responsible for the most popular war song of the Yankee nation—the "Star-spangled Banner." Like "Hail Columbia," it was the work of a young and patriot lawyer, Francis Scott Key, son of John Ross Key, a Revolutionary officer.

Key was born in Frederick county, Maryland, on August 9, 1780, and began the practice of his profession at Frederick City, but subsequently removed to Washington, where he became District Attorney for the District of Columbia. When the British invaded Washington in 1814, General Ross and Admiral Cockburn made their headquarters in Upper Marlboro, Maryland, at the residence of a planter, Dr. William Beanes, whom they subsequently seized as a prisoner. When Key learned of Beanes' capture he determined to release him, and was aided by President Madison, who ordered that a vessel should be placed at his service, and that John S. Skinner, agent for the exchange of prisoners, should accompany him. General Ross consented to Dr. Beanes's release, but said that the party must be detained during the attack upon Baltimore.

Key and Skinner were detained under a guard of British sailors on their own vessel, the Surprise, whence they witnessed the attack upon Fort McHenry. Owing to their position the American flag on the staff at the fort was seen distinctly through the night by the glare of the battle, but before dawn the firing ceased and the prisoners anxiously watched for daylight to see what colors floated on the ramparts. The excess of patriotic feeling experienced by Key when he saw that the Stars and Stripes had not been hauled down found expression in the soul-stirring words of "The Star-spangled Banner." On reaching Baltimore he finished the lines of the song, which he had hastily written on the back of a letter, and gave them to Captain Benjamin Eades, of the Twenty-seventh Baltimore Regiment, with directions to have a number of copies printed, and that the song should be sung to the air, "Anacreon in Heaven."

Seizing the first copy from the press, Captain Eades hastened to the old tavern, next to the Holiday Street Theater, where the actors were accustomed to assemble. The verses were first read aloud, and then, at the request of all present, Ferdinand Durang mounted a chair and sang them for the first time. The song has steadily gained in popularity to the present day, when it is officially accepted as our national air.

The first acknowledgment in marble and bronze of Key's loyal services was erected by James Lick of San Francisco, in the Golden Gate Park, at a cost of $60,000, and was the work of the great American sculptor, W. W. Story. The monument consists of a double arch of marble, under which is a fine bronze figure of Key.

Maryland, on June 14th, of this year unveiled in Mount Olivet Cemetery, Baltimore, another monument to her gifted son, from designs by the New York sculptor, Alexander Doyle. It is entirely of bronze, giving Key in spirited figure on a pedestal eighteen feet high, and at the base is a group emblematical of patriotism. For years, in the city of Frederick, the grave of Key has been marked by the most appropriate of all ornaments, the Star-Spangled Banner, flying from a steel pole night and day, in storm and sun. There have always been patriots enough to keep a fresh edition of Old Glory over the singer's resting place.

A song that appeals less to the warlike spirit of the nation than to that love of country upon which all real patriotism is founded is "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." Samuel Francis Smith wrote this hymn while he was a theological student, and it was first sung at a children's celebration in the Park Street Church, Boston, on July 4, 1832.

It required the war of the Rebellion to show what the country could do in the way of war songs. None were closer to the popular heart than those of Dr. George Frederick Root. The "Battle Cry of Freedom," "Just Before the Battle, Mother," and that fiery American war song, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, The Boys Are Marching," and Luther O. Emerson gave us "We Are Coming, Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand Strong."

It remained for Julia Ward Howe—a gentle, God-fearing woman—to chant "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Her "John Brown" song and other patriotic ballads, made her known throughout the country.

Now that "the blue and the gray" are one and inseparable in fact as well as in theory, it is not amiss to allude to the famous war song of the Southern Confederacy, "Dixie," which of late years has been heard so often in northern cities in unison with "John Brown's Body" and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp." Its author was Dan Emmet, the veteran minstrel, who wrote it as a plantation melody while he was with Bryant's Minstrels in this city, shortly before the Civil War.—Condensed from Mail and Express.

Sometime, Somewhere.

Edward D. Smith, D.D.

Sometime, somewhere,
The night will pass away,
The morning, bright and fair,
Will bring eternal day.

Sometime, somewhere,
The discord will all cease,
Each lay aside his care,
And find the longed-for peace.

Sometime, somewhere,
The inner life will show
All we did do and dare
In battle here below.

Sometime, somewhere,
We will be understood,
All hidden things laid bare,
The evil and the good.

Sometime, somewhere,
The Judge of all will scan,
With eyes more pure and fair,
The secret heart of man.

Sometime, somewhere,
Our friends, the true and tried,
Will meet us then and there,
Forever to abide.

Sometime? Somewhere?
Come to each longing soul;
We crave your blessing rare
This side the distant goal.
Delaware, Ohio.

—"Western Christian Advocate."

Paul's Influence.

Who was the most influential man that ever entered the gates of Rome? Not the mighty Julius, robed in imperial purple; not deep thoughted Seneca, sceptered with intellectual supremacy; no one of that starry cluster of poets, and orators, and artists, and jurists that have garlanded the Eternal City with laurels more imperishable than were ever won for her by the spears of her invincible legionaries; no gifted leader in social circles; no shrewd manipulator of commercial ventures. He was a Tarsian Jew—a weaver of tent cloth. In bodily presence he was weak; in speech he was "contemptible." His palace was a prison house. Manacles were the insignia of his nobility. Paul has done many a world rousing thing. Single-handed in the school rooms of proud Ephesus, for the space of three years, he maintained the honor of the cross against all comers. With Mars Hill for a pulpit, with an assemblage of the schooled and sifted minds of the centuries for an audience, he proclaimed truths without the knowledge of which the wisdom of men is starless, even unto this hour. But I doubt whether Paul ever did a grander work for humanity than when his horizon was bounded by the grim wall of a Roman dungeon and that mighty and eaglelike spirit was tethered to a Roman soldier. The prison cell of the man of Tarsus became a theological seminary, a college of missionaries.—Howard Duffield.

The Source of Patience.

God is not simply the God that exercises patience, but the God that gives patience. We have need of patience in our dealings with ourselves and others. There is scarcely anything we need more than patience. How often is our patience exercised, and we think it such a very little fault to be impatient. Yet, at the bottom of nearly all our virtues lies the little virtue of patience. Every day and all day long our patience is tried. Our inferiors try it. We think they are clumsy and we find fault with them. We think our children are stupid and yet the stupidity often lies with the teacher more than in the child. We get irritated. We think a great deal of ourselves. We think very little of other people. We have a very exalted opinion of ourselves and are angry and annoyed when people won't take us at the value we put upon ourselves, and they won't very often. We get irritated with our superiors. We are found fault with and at once we run and complain of them to every one we meet. At the bottom of all impatience is vanity. You need to strive after the grace of humility to find patience. You never yet met a patient person who was not an humble person. Humility is the root from which the tree grows that bears the fruit of patience.—Chetford.

How Christ Reveals God.

Christ makes a revelation of God in man, as God makes the revelation of himself in Christ. It is this revelation which, with tongues of fire, says, not, "I'm as good as you are," but, "You're as good as I am." Christ's valuation of the other man, his saving of all men, of every grade, by his own sacrificial life and its issue, his creation of indubitable equality of men before His cross on Calvary—these are the bases of triumphal democracy. Above them all, his spirit, the spirit of help for others, the soul of altruism, the overflowing care and love for all men, because they are God's children, all this passion that grows divine in him and through him, as it worships God and is loyal to God's government—that is the energy that cries out: "You're as good as I am." This is a gift to social dynamics from Pentecost. No Babel of misunderstanding, no centrifugal force is here. I care not whence they come, careless as they may be of all superficial uniformity, those who surrender to this Holy Spirit have genuine unity, and each man hears the other in the tongue wherein he was born. "I'm as good as you are," is the democracy that leads all social enterprise to hell. "You're as good as I am," is the democracy which leads every effort of civilization to heaven.—F. W. Gunsaulus.

Compensations Beyond.

A word to my aged friends. Is the sight growing dim? You will see better by and by. Youth may have passed, steps lag, hands unsteady, but eternal youth is drawing nigh, purpling with its dawn the Eastern hills of Eternity. And yonder, on the other side "of Jordan's swelling flood," we will thank him for the experiences that wrung hot, scalding tears from our eyes here. Look then to that better land, pray for it, enter in by faith in the love of God.—Dille.

Christianity a Spiritual Warfare.

Christianity is a spiritual warfare. The absolute spirituality of religion—how late and how toilsomely men come to the knowledge of this truth! By what a laborious route of zigzag advances, how fatigued with incessant failures or gropings by the way, they reach those serene Christian heights where the last errors of religious materialism disappear, and the calm, clear, pervading spirituality of religion stretches around them, boundless and pure as the heavens of God!

Study the Christian through the successive stages of his progress, and see how the same one error of religious materialism, of materialized religion, clings to him persistently at every transition. He pays his debts, he feeds the hungry, and seems almost to feel that this is enough. But this is not the divine element in religion—only the human. He does not thus serve and adore God in a spiritual sense. He rather serves man by works; and there is little in work that is not "of the earth earthy," little that is not essentially materialistic.

Does he grow ashamed of this, and, though still earthly as ever, propose for himself a new spiritual experience? But how hard it is for him to overcome his native materialism! He will not believe unless in some way he can see and hear and touch. Insensible, dead to the spiritual world in its highest, deepest and most glorious realities, his vaunted spiritism is only a begging materialism still.—Angels' Carroll.

Evils in the journey of life are like the hills which alarm travelers upon their road; they both appear great at a distance, but when we approach them we find that they are far less insurmountable than we had imagined.—Colton.

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Quarts	"	"	50c
2 Quarts	"	"	75c
Caps	"	"	25c
Rubbers best extra	"	"	10c
Rubbers common	"	"	5c

JELLY GLASSES

Open Tumblers or covered Jellies
Dozen 35c Gross $3.50

PARAFINE

Use it to top off Jelly and Jam.
1-lb.....15c 10-lbs.....1 40

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San Francisco

Our Play-House and Our Orchard.

BY MARY JANE HEITMAN.

Our play-house is in the backyard, by the damson and locust trees.

We haven't played there lately, but last week we had a boarding-house.

My little cousin was the landlady sometimes, and I was also.

The house is near the wash-bench. A chicken-coop is a room upstairs; downstairs we had a nice parlor with a toy piano in it. In the hall we had a "telephone." Back of the parlor is the dining-room. We had a box for the table, and another box for the buffet. On it were colored china (broken) and a glass stand. We had two rooms back of the dining-room, separated by rocks.

A big box served for the back piazza. The kitchen is in the back yard, and we had my little iron stove out there. The fence is one wall of the kitchen. Back of the kitchen is the stable.

Up in our orchard, which is between my cousin's home and mine, we have a post-office. It is made of bricks, and is near the path by an old cherry-tree. The post-office is broken down now, but every now and then we build it up. We have a big orchard with peach, pear and apple trees in it. We also have two cherry-trees. In our play-house we have sand for flour, light sand for sugar, chicken feathers for chickens and small rocks for eggs. — A Young St. Nicholas Leaguer's Work.

Having Some Fun With Preachers.

"Deacon," said a minister our West, after a heavy sermon, "I'm tired." "Indeed," replied the deacon, "then you know how to pity the congregation."

A minister in San Diego the other day startled his audience by saying, "I have forgotten my notes and shall have to trust to Providence but this evening I will come better prepared."

A minister made an interminable call upon a lady of his acquaintance. Her little daughter, who was present, grew weary of his conversation, and whispered in an audible tone, "Didn't he bring amen with him?"

"What is he crying for?" asked the intelligent hearer, as the minister was letting the tears roll down his cheeks. "Don't you see? I guess you would cry, too, if you were up there before all those people with nothing to say."

"Good morning, Janet. I am sorry to hear that you did not like my preaching on Sunday. What was the reason?" "I had three very guid reasons, sir. Firstly, ye read ye're sermon; secondly, ye didna read it well; an', thirdly, it wasna' worth readin' at a'!"

A Scotch preacher who found his congregation going to sleep one Sunday before he had fairly begun, stopped suddenly and exclaimed: Brethren, it's na' fair. Wait till I gang alang, and then, if I'm na worth listening to, gang to sleep; but dinna gang before I get commenced. Gie a mon a chance." — The American Weekly.

"Reddy"—Sing!

A charming young lady of Kensington, who glories in the possession of a wealth of bright auburn hair, is the teacher of a Sunday-school class. On a recent Sabbath the rector made the announcement of a hymn to be sung, and, rising, waved his hands, and the organ pealed forth.

"Now," said he, "ready—sing."

A small and precocious youth in the young woman's class said:

"Why don't you sing, Miss Frisbee?"

"Me? Oh, I never sing," replied the teacher, smiling her prettiest.

"But," exclaimed the boy, "the minister says you must. Didn't he just say, 'Now, Reddy, sing?'"

On His Feet Again.

"And," were the concluding words of the professor's lecture to the medical students, "do not promise too much. I knew a physician with real ability who covered himself with ridicule and obloquy by promising a patient, whose lower limbs he had just amputated, that he would have him on his feet in two weeks."

The Cabman's Gain.

A woman once asked a little girl of 5 if she had any brothers.

"Yes," said the child, "I have three brothers."

"And how many sisters, my dear?" asked the woman.

"Just one sister, and I'm it," replied the little girl.—The Little Chronicle.

Quenches Thirst—

Horseford's Acid Phosphate.

It makes a refreshing, cooling beverage and strengthening Tonic—superior to lemonade.

Don't Look at It.

I once learned a lesson from a dog we had. My father used to put a bit of meat or biscuit on the floor near the dog and say, "No," and the dog knew he must not touch it. But he never looked at the meat. He seemed to feel that if he looked at it the temptation would be too strong; so he always looked steadily at my father's face.

A gentleman was dining with us one day and he said: "There is a lesson for us all. Never look at temptation. Always look away to the Master's face."

Yes, this is the good old way; do not look at temptation. "Avoid it, pass it by." When the thought of doing wrong in any way comes into your heart, you may be sure it comes from Satan; so do not look at it, but look up to Jesus and ask him to keep you and make you more than conqueror over every temptation, through him that loves you.—Selected.

Mistakes.

How fortunate for us that we can load all our mistakes on the poor compositor. In the "ad" of McCoy & Son, they are made to say, "450 lbs. of best flour, $1.10." Subtract 400 and you have what they did say, "50 lbs. best flour, $1.10.

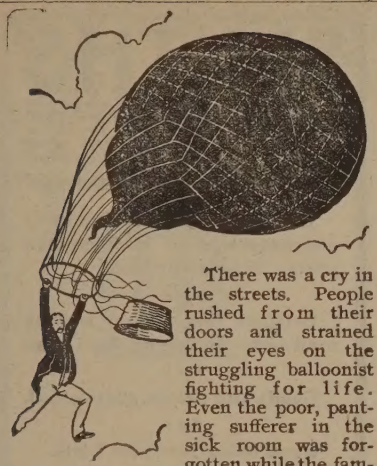
Again: "1 large can of Fineapple, 10 cts." The apple, no doubt, is fine, but it is fine pineapple, 10c.

You will find McCoy & Son all right, notwithstanding these blunders. They keep a strictly temperance grocery. Temperance people should keep this in mind. Trade with our temperance grocers.

One Thing at a Time.

The famous De Witt, one of the greatest statesmen of the age in which he lived, being asked by a friend how he was able to despatch that multitude of affairs in which he was engaged, replied that his whole art consisted in doing one thing at once. "If," says he, "I have any necessary despatches to make, I think of nothing else until those are finished; if any domestic affairs require my attention, I give myself up wholly to them until they are set in order."

The best way of showing your penitence for past sins is to avoid repeating them in the future.



There was a cry in the streets. People rushed from their doors and strained their eyes on the struggling balloonist fighting for life. Even the poor, panting sufferer in the sick room was forgotten while the family gazed breathless at this strange tragedy of the air. Then they went back to the sick room to tell of the terrible struggle for life they had just witnessed. It did not occur to them that under their very eyes a more terrible, more pathetic struggle was going on daily.

There can be nothing more pitiful than the struggle the consumptive makes against disease. The greatest help in this struggle is gained by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures obstinate coughs, weak and bleeding lungs, emaciation, and other ailments which if neglected or unskillfully treated find a fatal termination in consumption.

"In 1898 one of my daughters was suffering on account of a severe cough, hectic fever, wasting of flesh and other symptoms of diseased lungs," writes Rev. Joseph H. Fesperman, of Barium Springs, Iredell Co., N. C. "I promptly gave her Dr. R. V. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery with gratifying success, and she now enjoys excellent health. This being true, I hereby heartily endorse your medicines."

Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." There is nothing "just as good" for diseases of the stomach, blood and lungs.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets assist the action of the "Discovery."

In Palace and Tenement.

A marble statue of a kneeling girl with face upon an open book was placed by Queen Victoria in an English church, as a memorial to the royal princess who was found with her dead cheek resting upon the words of her open Bible: "Come unto Me, all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

In a rear tenement of lower New York lay a dying woman whose husband, brutal through drink, would not allow even hospital care. Under the bed snarled the hungry dogs. The place was noisy and foul and dark, but the missionary kept at her post.

"I'll go soon," said the sufferer; "there is nothing more you can do—only stay—tell me the words again." So over and over, until the angel of death had sealed the ears and closed the lips, the dying woman tried to repeat with the missionary, "Come unto Me, all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Whether in castle or palace, or tenement home, the human soul cries out with the same longing which can only be satisfied and comforted by the love of God.—Report New York City Missions.

Something WWanting.

There is a story of a child who was found by a wealthy relative and carried away to an inland valley. His home was more beautiful nd luxurious, but he was not happy, something was wanting. He missed the music of the ebbing and flowing tides. He missed the dewy spray on his cheeks. A feeling of homesickness possessed him. One day he climbed to the top of a high hill, and, far off, he saw a blue spot on the horizon. "The sea! The sea!" he cried with trembling heart. He rested not until he had found his way back to his heart's loved home. So it is with the soul that becomes homesick for God. It finds no satisfaction till it rests with God. Blessed is sluch hunger, for it tells of hope.—J. R. Miller.

Power of Earnestness.

There is a story told of a vessel that was wrecked, and was going down at sea. There were not enough life-boats to take all on board. When the vessel went down some of the life-boats were near the vessel. A man swam from the wreck just as it was going down to one of the boats; but they had no room to take him and they refused. When they refused, he seized hold of the boat with his right hand, but they took a sword and cut off his fingers. When he had lost the fingers of his right hand, the man was so earnest to save his life, that he seized the boat with his left hand; they cut off the fingers of that hand too. Then the man swam up and seized the boat with his teeth, and they had compassion on him and relented. They could not cut off his head, so they took him in, and the man saved his life. Why? Because he was in earnest. Why not seek your soul's salvation as that man sought to save his life?

Our New Name in Heaven.

Some years ago a friend of mine that was in London was going back to America. She went to Liverpool with a party of Americanfriends, and they were talking about what hotel they should stop at, and decided to go to the North-Western. The hotel was full, and as they were starting to find another, they said to my friend, "Are you not going with us?" My friend said, "No, I am going to stay here." "Oh, no," they said, "you cannot stay here." But my friend said, "I am going to stay." "How is it?" "I have got a room." "Where did you get it?" "Why, I sent my name on ahead." She had telegraphed a few days before and secured a room. And that is just what the children of God are doing now; they are sending their names on ahead and getting them down in the Book of Life They are not waiting for the dying minute.

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The Heart in the Hours of Darkness.

Unto man who goes through life working, weeping, laughing, loving, comes the heart believing unto immortality. For reason oft the immortal hope burns low and the stars dim and disappear, but for the heart, never! Scientists tell us matter is indestructible. And the heart nourishes an immortal hope that no doubt can quench, no argument destroy, no misfortune annihilate. Comforting, indeed, for reasons, the arguments of Socrates that life survives death. After the death of his beloved daughter Tullia, Cicero outlined arguments which have consoled the mind of multitudes. But in the hour of darkness and blackness, for a man to put out upon Death's dark sea, upon the argument of Cicero, is like some Columbus committing himself to a single plank in the hope of discovering an unseen continent.

In these dark hours the heart speaks. In the poet's vision, to blind Homer, falling into the bog, torn by the thorns and thickets and lost in the forest and the night, came the young goddess, the daughter of Light and Beauty, to take the sightless poet by the hand and lead him up the heavenly heights. Sometimes intellect seems sightless and wanders lost in the maze. Then comes the heart to lead men along the upward path. For even in its dreams the heart hears the sound of invisible music. Oft before reason's eye the heart unveils the Vision Splendid. The soul is big with immortality. When the heart speaks it is God within making overtures for man to come upward toward home and heaven.—Investment of Influence.

A Duet.

Three little birds in a leafy tree,
Cradled as warmly as birds can be:

They chirp and chatter with voices weak,
As each one opens his hungry beak.

From morning till night the mother tries
To keep them happy with worms and flies;

While the father bird the whole day long
Sings to his mate his cheerful song.

"Oh, how happy, my love, are we,
You and I and our nestlings three!"

But she answers him back, "I dread the day
When our darlings will fly from our nest away."

"Nay," he replies, "but all young things
Sooner or later must try their wings.

"He who made us knows surely best,
Next spring I will build you another nest."

—Selected.

Finer than daintiest silk is the membrane lining the bowels. A little irritation of it produces griping and diarrhoea. Stop the trouble with Perry Davis' Painkiller. No honest druggist will deceive you with a substitute.

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